

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtail his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every lacke-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vnder take euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. It is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banish'd Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it he I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princeesse, Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endurst, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly coynning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foule expulsiō is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, hee'd make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe you shak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand Teniour thy banish'd Lord, and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helena*?

La. Please you Madam,

Imo. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed,
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning;
And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayties, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquinius* thus Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
Burkisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparragon'd,
How deere they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Biew of Heauens owne unit. But my designe
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th' Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, & enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard,
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
Amole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th' bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euery Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and eane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's siuete,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaues turn'd downe
Where *Philomela* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

One, two, three: time, time.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that ever turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Sleeper.

Iachimo from the Truncke.

SONG.

*Heere, heere, the Larks at Heauens gate sing;
and Phœbus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpauid Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot chooseth but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assay'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then she's yours.

2. You are most bound to'th' King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistis, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede To employ you towards this Romane.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line
Which buy
Diana's Ra
Their Deer
Which mak
Nay, some
Can it not
One of her
I yet not vn
By your lea

La. Wh
Clot. A
La. No
Clot. Ye
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Clot. Yo
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Sell me your
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Clot. Go
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Is telling yo
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Clot. Stil
Imo. If y
If you swea
That I regar
Clot. Thi
Imo. But
I would not
I shall vnfo
To your best
She u'd learn
Clot. To l
I will not.
Imo. Foo
Clot. Do
Imo. As I
If you'l be p
That cures v
You put me
By being so
That I which
By th'very tr
And am so us
To accuse me
You felt, the
Clot. You
Obedience,
The Contra
One, bred of
With scraps
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But Brats an
Yet you are